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## THE ROMANCE OF SWEDISH HISTORY.\*

When speaking of the more prominent names of a literature, there is a prevalent fashion of referring them, each to some similar and supposedly more familiar name as to a sort of prototype. This especially happens when the writer thus characterized is himself comparatively unknown, or, if known, a representative of some less important or less widely-read literature. Thus, with more or less of justice, we hear of Klopstock as the German Milton, and of Heine as the German Aristophanes.

The fashion to which this rude sort of characterization is due, is largely affected by writers upon Scandinavian literature, who seek by its means to convey in a single brief phrase something of the relation in which an author stands with reference to the literature of his country, and something of his affinities with the literature of the world at large. A Dane, for example, in speaking with a European of some other nationality than his own, will be sure to refer to Holberg as the Danish Molière; he will be likely to call Ingemann, the Danish Scott; and, if he is very patriotic, will style Oehlenschläger the Danish Shakespeare. Of course, such phrases as these do not mean very much. As far as the instances given are concerned, they are equivalent to saying

\*"The Surgeon's Stories." By Z. Topelius. Vol. I-VI. Chicago: Jansen, McClurg, & Co.

that the writers mentioned were writers of great comedies, historical romances, and dramatic histories and tragedies respectively; that each one is to his own nation something of what the one chosen as prototype is to the nation which gave him birth. To the beginner in the study of Scandinavian literature, they serve as rough temporary indications of the nature of the road over which he is to travel.

It is, however, with a fitness much greater than is usual in such cases that Topelius is called the Swedish Scott. The series of historical novels known as the "Surgeon's Stories," and of which an English translation has just been completed, does for the great age of Swedish history very much the same work as is done by certain of the Waverley novels for many of the more important epochs of English and Scotch history; just as these Waverlies make history in its more general features, real to us, so the "Surgeon's Stories" cause the men and the deeds of a century and a half of past time to live and to be reenacted in our presence. Like the great Scotch novelist, the author of these romances of the North seems to live in the times of which he writes. He is filled with their history and their traditions, with their customs and their legendary lore; above all with their spirit, for without this his power would be that of mere erudition, and his work a notable monument of scholarship perhaps, but in no sense a monument of genius.

Zachris Topelius, for the past score of years Professor Topelius of the University of Finland, was born January 14, 1818, and is in consequence exactly two-thirds of a century old. He studied at Helsingfors, where he was afterwards to become a professor. His professional career began in 1852, when he received an appointment as lecturer on history at the Gymnasium of Wasa. This position he did not occupy, however, for shortly after it was bestowed upon him he received a new appointment, and this time as professor extraordinary at the University. This was in 1854. Nine years

later, he became a regular professor with the chair of Finnish, Russian and Scandinavian history, which chair he occupied from 1863 to 1878, when at the age of sixty, he resigned it that he might devote his remaining years wholly to literature. His literary career began before his professional one. In 1842, he became editor of a Helsingfors newspaper; in this he gave to the world his earlier poems and novels, and with this his connection lasted until 1860.

His career as a writer recalls that of Scott, not only by the nature of his subject matter and the mode of its treatment, but by his versatility as well. He has cultivated almost every species of literary composition, and most of them with marked success. He has published three volumes of verse under the titles of "*Ljung blommar*" (Heather Blossoms), 1845; "*Sånger*" (Songs) 1860; and "*Nya blad*" (New Leaves), 1870; a volume of dramatic poems, among which "*Efter femtio år*" (Fifty Years After) and "*Regina von Emmeritz*" are the best known, the latter being a dramatic treatment of the theme of the first volume of the "Surgeon's Stories." His "*Läsning för barn*" (Books for Children), have endeared his name to the youth of Sweden as well as of other lands into whose languages these books have been translated.

But although like Scott, a successful worker in these other paths of literature, like him, also, his greatest achievements are in romance. His work in this field consists of the widely-known series of "*Fälskärns berättelser*" (Surgeon's Stories), which constitute the subject of this review, and the later and less coherent series of "*Vinterkvällen*" (Winter Evenings), written during the past thirty years, but only recently brought together in a collection.

There has arisen of late years a school of historical novelists who look with a smile of pitying indulgence upon the feeble and inaccurate pictures of the past presented us by such *dilettanti* as Scott and Bulwer. But the historical romances of Scott and Bulwer, if they lack the accuracy in detail of such recent works as those of Ebers, to take a conspicuous example, lack also the obtrusive erudition of these works, a feature which in romance is apt rather to be painful than otherwise, and to give a flavor of pedantry to work which should be above all things else, artistic. To this recent archaeological school, which stands to the old classical school of historical romance in somewhat the same relation as the recent eruption of French realism to the great writers of romance

whose work constitutes so much of the glory of French literature, Topelius does not belong. Not that he is open to the charge of perverting historical material or even to that of any very considerable inaccuracy, but he does not allow his imagination to be fettered by a too close adherence to historical details; he claims for invention the right of full sway in matters which do not concern the essential features of the epoch or the situation to be portrayed. In one of the interludes which occur between the stories which we are about to consider, the author, speaking in the person of the Surgeon, but evidently for himself, defends his method:

"I will not dictate anyone's belief, nor do I deny that all the names and details which I mention will be looked for in vain in the chronicles. For my idea about storytelling is that its truth consists in its possibility of being true; by its agreeing with the essential characteristics of what is to be described. I will even go so far as to say, that in this way the reality may sometimes be more clearly shown than by a mere record of events. I can, for instance, picture Napoleon eating a sandwich—*posito*, that I have really seen him eating a sandwich; can I, therefore, say that I have given a good picture of Napoleon? But suppose I invent about him some great exploit which never really happened, but which is entirely like him; or that I put in his mouth some strong word which he never uttered, but which corresponds to a hair with his actual temperament—is not that which I have imagined more essentially real than the small sandwich which is real only by chance?"

Professor Topelius has been for many years a teacher of history, and every teacher of history whom pedantry has not entirely desiccated, knows how supremely important to the student is the acquisition of those broad general views of past times and events which alone can give meaning to the details, and how valuable an auxiliary he may find in those romances wherein writers of genius have been pleased to interpret and inform with a new vitality scenes and characters typical of past, momentous epochs in the history of mankind. No student of history, however learned, could fail to be really benefited, to gain a clearer insight into his own special field of labor, by the perusal of such works as the Waverley novels, or as the tales now under consideration. No scholar can afford to push them scornfully aside as mere figments of unrestrained fancy, or to ignore them as unprofitable.

Sweden has played so small a part in the complications of continental history since the Congress of Vienna, that it is difficult for us, at this date, to realize how important was the part played by her in the two centuries preceding the present one. And yet for almost a century she was one

of the chief European powers, and the names of Gustaf Adolf and Charles XII., whose reigns mark the beginning and the end of her greatness, belong to the history of the world rather than to that of a single country.

It is with this period of Swedish greatness, together with the subsequent and almost equally lengthy period of her decline, that the "Surgeon's Stories" make us acquainted. Three of the six volumes which contain them are devoted to the glorious age which began with the accession of Gustaf Adolf; the remaining three picture the new age which followed upon the death of Charles XII. It may be well, before proceeding any further, to outline the period with which we have to deal, and to recall the dates and events which serve as landmarks in the path of these two centuries.

When Gustaf Vasa ascended the throne of Sweden, in 1523, he was confronted by a task which called for the exercise of all his powers. The semi-barbarous people which he was called upon to rule, had been impoverished by long wars and was politically and socially disorganized. The work which he did in the restoration of order and the accomplishment of reform is analagous to that which was to be done later for Russia by Peter the Great. At his death in 1560 he had laid the foundations of the future greatness of his country, and although his work was made, for the time, fruitless by the half century of dissension and misrule that followed upon his reign, it could not be undone. In 1611, Gustaf Adolf, the man who was to build up from this foundation the greatness of the kingdom, entered upon his eventful reign of twenty-one years. The outcome of the preceding century had been to firmly establish Protestantism in the country, and so, when the Thirty Years War broke out, the attitude which Sweden should assume in that great conflict was fixed. The great Protestant hero of the north threw himself and his country into the struggle, and Sweden became at once one of the chief factors in the European problem. The part of Gustaf Adolf in the war was soon played out; but, brief as it was, it was glorious enough, for it left the Swedes the memory of Breitenfeld and Lützen, to inspire them after they had gained victory and lost their leader in the latter of these great battles, fought in 1632.

The prestige thus gained for Sweden, and the wise policy of Oxenstjerna were sufficient to sustain the country in her high position throughout the war, in spite of the reign of Christina, the in-

competent daughter of the fallen king, who continued upon the throne all this time, but who finally abdicated in 1654, six years after the Peace of Westphalia.

The brief and externally eventful reign of Charles X. with its wars against Poland and Denmark lasted from 1654 to 1660, and was followed by the long and internally eventful reign of Charles XI., from 1660 to 1697. At the close of this reign and of the century, Sweden had reached the culminating point of her power.

The career of Charles XII., who, in 1697, and at the age of fifteen, succeeded his father, is the most brilliant in Swedish history, but its outcome was disastrous. With Denmark, Poland, and Russia allied against him, he took the field, and for a time swept everything before him. But with the defeat of Pultova in 1709, came the turning point of his career, and from that time until his death in 1718, fortune was against him, and he left the country impoverished and weakened as it had not been for a hundred years past. With the death of Charles XII., Sweden ceased to play a prominent part in the affairs of Europe, and its history became chiefly a record of internal changes. But although the arm of the kingdom was paralyzed, its alliance was still sought for, and the chief feature of its history for the next fifty years is furnished by the struggles of the two political parties whose adherents represented the French and Russian interests, and which were known as the parties of the "Hats" and "Caps" respectively. The effect of these dissensions was demoralizing in the extreme. The nobles were now, rather than the king, the chief power in the country, and in their hands, the sister of Charles XII., Queen Ulrica Eleanora, and her husband, Frederick of Hesse-Cassel, Frederick I. of Sweden, who succeeded to the throne after the death of the great soldier-king, and Adolf Frederick, who in 1751, succeeded to Frederick I., were the merest puppets. These party factions were put to an end by Gustaf III., who came to the throne in 1771, but whose personal faults gained him many enemies, who was assassinated in 1792, and with whose reign the period under consideration is brought to an end. Such is, in outline, the history of these years, as indicated by reigns and military events, but it must be briefly considered in still another and more general aspect to make its meaning clear.

In this other aspect, and it is an aspect forcibly presented in the "Surgeon's Stories," the history of the period is that of a struggle between the three factors in the Swedish social organization;

the king, the nobility, and the people. The power of the nobility, as intermediate between that of king and people, was watched with jealous eyes from both sides. People and king alike saw in its growth a danger to themselves and to the State. At last this power had become such during the reigns of Christina and Charles X. that it constituted a standing menace to the throne, and Charles XI. set himself vigorously at work to secure the royal prerogative and to relegate the nobility to its proper place. This was accomplished by a confiscation, justified by transparent legal pretexts, of a large share of the lands of the nobles. The accomplishment of this revolution—for it was nothing less than that—was the chief task of the closing years of Charles XI., and this scheme of the great Reduction, as it was called, was so persistently carried out, that the power of the nobility was for a time almost wholly crushed. But with the death of Charles XI. a reverse current set in, and the repressed nobility began to resume something of their former position, so that, under the weak successors of Charles XII., their power overtopped that of the crown, and they became predominant in the State. Gustaf III. gave the throne once more its original prestige, and then came the stormy times of revolution and Napoleonic conquest, when all old institutions entered into solution, and from which our own century at last emerged.

The "Surgeon's Stories" are fifteen in number and are, in the present translation, included in six volumes, of which the first three contain three stories each, leaving two each for the remaining ones. These stories, covering as they do the extended period which we have just outlined, are linked together both internally and externally. The external bond is that furnished by the personality of the Surgeon, who is the narrator, and the little circle of listeners who assemble to hear them. The series is provided with an introduction which makes us acquainted with the Surgeon himself, and as each of the subsequent stories is provided with an interlude, in which the preceding one is discussed by the members of this little circle, we soon come to be quite as well acquainted with them as with the characters who figure in the tales themselves, and to read the introduction with no less interest than the story which follows.

The bond which unites these stories internally is found not only in the necessary historical relations of the different parts, but in the employment of a fictitious device on the part of the author, whereby they are brought into still closer connec-

tion. Alongside with the history of the kings who figure conspicuously in the narrative, there is traced for us the history of two families, one of the people and one of the nobility, and of these families some members figure prominently in each tale. As the descent of the royal line is traced from one generation to another, the descent of these families is in like manner traced from father to son through the entire series. Thus we have all three elements of Swedish society, the king, the nobility, and the people, represented in members of these families throughout the narrative. And there is still another bond of union in the shape of a ring which is closely connected with the fortunes of the principal characters in these romances. So ingeniously is this made to figure in the narrative, that the somewhat questionable device of introducing such an element of enchantment or superstition may be pardoned, especially as such a device finds honorable precedents in romantic literature. For this ring has the power of bringing to its owner good-fortune as long as it shall remain in his possession, and he shall not forfeit claim to its protection by perjuring himself. And this ring, unlike that famous ring of the Nibelungs which brought only a curse to its possessor, is also unlike it in being a thing of no value in itself; a mere bit of copper with a symbolical inscription.

We first hear of the ring as coming mysteriously into the possession of a Finnish maiden, of whom Gustaf Adolf, when a prince, becomes enamoured. She bestows the ring upon her lover, and he, when afterwards king, wears it through all his stormy years, until, just before the day of Lützen, he parts with it and with his good fortune. In the mean time the love of his youth has borne him a child who is brought up in Finland by her father, and given out to be his own son by a second wife. This youth, who bears the name of Bertila, from his supposed father, goes to the wars, distinguishes himself at Breitenfeld, comes into the king's favor and afterwards the king comes to know that the youth is his own son. After the battle of Lützen, young Bertila is ennobled and takes the name of Bertelsköld; he later, by a chance, comes into possession of the ring which the king had designed should be his, and this ring is handed down from generation to generation of his descendants who appear in the successive tales of the series.

The first volume of these tales is called "Times of Gustaf Adolf." In the first one of the volume the king figures conspicuously, and this



tale ends with the battle of Lützen. In the two remaining tales we follow the fortunes of young Bertelsköld, and learn of his marriage. One of the finest things in this volume is the picture of Jesuitical intrigue which is given us, and, at its close, old Bertila disowns the recreant grandson who has accepted a title and thereby cut himself loose from his peasant associations. A peasant by the name of Larsson becomes the heir of the old man, and the descendants of this Larsson represent the common people throughout the series as the nobility are represented by the Bertelskölds. Thus the first volume lays the foundation for the subsequent ones; the opposing ideas of burghership and nobility, as typified in these two families, stand face to face throughout the series of romances.

The second volume is called "Times of Battle and Rest," and takes us to the age of Charles X. and Charles XI. We again meet with the first Count Bertelsköld in the wars which the first of these monarchs waged with Poland and Denmark, and in the latter of these wars he loses the ring in consequence of a falsehood, and is slain. His son Bernhard now takes his place in the narrative, and appears prominently in the second tale, called "The Witch," in which we have an extremely graphic and vivid picture of a trial for witchcraft in Finland. In the third tale of this volume we have what is perhaps the finest of the entire series. It is called "Majniemi Castle," and deals with the misfortunes which crowded thick upon the closing years of Bernhard Bertelsköld. For the king's ring had never been in his possession, but had fallen instead into the hands of a bitter enemy, who used the fortune it brought him to bring destruction upon the nobleman. The years of this tale are those of the Reduction, and Bertelsköld is one of the heaviest sufferers. We have here a magnificent picture of that revolution in land tenure, and an account of the great famine of 1697 in Finland, that is a masterpiece of historical description. When too late to avail him, the ring comes into his possession, and as we stand by his bedside it is difficult to read without tears of the last moments of one of the noblest of his race:

"His beautiful head, surrounded by its once black locks now silvered by time, was still the slumbering witness of a soul noble and sensitive, proud, brave, and heroic. He slept, as a past time slumbers in the sunshine of the new.

"The sun which now shone into Åbo Castle was the evening sun of the grand and eventful seventeenth century, alike gigantic in the spiritual and material world. Its night was felt to be near, when, after the setting of the star of

Charles XI., two new and far more powerful and brilliant stars, one in the west, the other in the east, appeared above the horizon. The blue rim which Bertelsköld in vain sought in the icy sea, had now widened into a glittering fjord, where the waves played free;—and now it was spring everywhere in the spiritual realms, and the ice of superstition commenced to melt, and the eternally swelling billows of human thought freely began to seek the infinite beyond the shores of time.

"Let us pause here, at the first view of spring. The disappearing snow must always remember that it melts before the sun of heaven; the springing verdure must never forget that the snow-drifts protected its roots from the wintry frosts. May the old go out, may the new come in, with love!

"And so ends our story, one evening in spring. And God knows when the berries will ripen in the woods."

With these solemn and pathetic words we leave the old century for the new, and the comparative inaction of the reign of Charles XI. for the stirring times of Charles XII. The third volume of the series, called "Times of Charles XII.," is hardly less valuable than the preceding one. Some will, perhaps, find it still more interesting. Of the Bertelskölds, Gustaf, the younger son of Bernhard, shares with the king the chief place in these stories, the first of which takes us as far as the battle of Pultova, while the last recounts the heroic defense of the last fortress of Finland and its final surrender, and the fall of the king in his Norwegian expedition. The ring is bequeathed by Count Bernhard to his son Torsten, who loses it after a short time, when it falls into the hands of the king, who wears it up to the battle of Pultova, when, he too having lost it, fortune seems to desert him. After being hidden for some time, it again, at the close of the book, comes into the hands of Torsten Bertelsköld, where it is destined long to remain. After the king's death, Gustaf, who has followed him upon the fatal expedition, sacrifices his life in aiding his Finnish comrades in their retreat. He, no less than his father, shares our warmest sympathies, and his end is a fitting crown to the labors of a heroic life. This volume contains a description of the plague of 1710, worthy of a place by the side of the description of a famine already mentioned. As the close of the career of Charles XII. was a turning point in Swedish history, so the close of this volume is a turning point in the narrative; we are henceforth occupied with domestic and social relations and phases of Swedish history. There is here a decided falling-off in the interest, great as this continues to be, and this is supplemented by a falling-off in the merits of the translation which is much to be regretted.

The "Times of Frederick I." begins with the Peace of Nystad, and the gradual resumption of natural avocations by what remains of the population of the exhausted country. The family of the Larssons play an important part in this volume, while the Bertelskölds are represented by Torsten, in whose possession the ring now is, and who has become a successful diplomatist, and by Charles Victor, the son of Gustaf and nephew of Torsten. The political intrigues of the "Hat" and "Cap" parties come here into prominence, and the injurious legal restrictions upon commerce furnish the chief theme of discussion. In the last two volumes, "Times of Linnaeus" and "Times of Alchemy," the inferiority is still more strongly marked. The first of these introduces us to the court of Adolf Frederick, and the latter to that of Gustaf III. In the former we make the acquaintance of the great botanist, and witness an academic disputation at Åbo, in which Paul Bertelsköld, the son of Charles Victor, covers himself with glory. In this volume also, the long feud between the Bertelskölds and the Larssons is brought to an end by the marriage of Charles Victor Bertelsköld with Esther Larsson. In both this and the last volume the doings of the alchemists receive attention, but the treatment of this subject is highly unsatisfactory. The story, which in the last volume is told at full length, of the conversion of the villain, gives an objectionable didactic flavor to the concluding chapters of what is, in spite of such defects, one of the most remarkable series of historical romances ever written.

From the preceding outline, some idea may, perhaps, be gained of the versatility and range of this writer. Whatever his theme may be, a trial for witchcraft or an academic disputation, a great plague or a great battle, his treatment shows the same intimate knowledge and the same power of adapting his style and mode of treatment to the nature of the subject. And with all this power of delineation he never loses sight of the larger historical conditions imposed upon him. His work, then, taken altogether, is no mosaic but an elaborate painting, in which the detail is at once accurate in itself and duly subordinated to the general effect. His feeling for historical perspective is very strongly marked, and he gives to the great men and decisive epochs with which he has to deal an impressiveness commensurate with their importance. This may be seen in the passage already quoted in which we bid farewell to the seventeenth century, or in such passages as that in which the death of Charles XII. is pictured for

us, and its import made clear. Such instances as these, as well as the finely conceived scheme itself, whereby so complete a unity is given to so long a period of history, show that the synthetic power co-exists with the power of firmly grasping detail.

Having brought us down into the reign of Gustaf, whose character Topelius warmly defends, and having seen the struggle between "Hats" and "Caps" lose its importance, and the power of the nobles repressed by the energetic action of the king, we leave him in possession of the fateful ring, and leave the study of the romance of Swedish history under the guidance of the Surgeon. The subsequent period was one of which Topelius could not have the heart to write. For Finland, after being so long identified with the struggles and triumphs of Sweden, and after playing so heroic a part in the defense of the kingdom was, in consequence of the general upheaval occasioned by the Napoleonic wars, torn from the country to which she was united by so strong a bond, and made a part of the Russian empire. Topelius is, by birth and life long associations, a Finn. His father was one of the most industrious collectors of that legendary material from which the great epic of the Kalevala was fashioned to the surprise of the scholars of this century. He himself, although writing in the Swedish language is, before all things else, a Finn. It is Finland, even more than Sweden, whose history comes near to him, and whose glories he celebrates. He and one other of his race—the poet Runeberg—stand in the first rank of Swedish writers, and he, no less than the author of "Fänrik Stål," has brought the best fruits of his genius as an offering upon the altar of the land of his birth; the land of which he has written these proud and loving words: "And the Baltic stretches its mighty blue arms east and north, and folds in its tumultuous embrace a daughter of the sea, a land of the waves which had sprung up from its bosom, and, still increasing, lifts her solid rocks high above her mother's heart. Finland is the best beloved child of the Baltic. To this day she empties her treasures into her mother's lap; and the mighty sea is not uplifted by the offering, but draws lovingly and tenderly back, like an indulgent mother, that the daughter may grow, and every summer clothe with grass and flowers new shores laid open to the day. Happy the land which lulls in its bosom the waves of a thousand lakes, and stretches a shore of nine hundred miles toward the sea!"

WILLIAM MORTON PAYNE.

## OUR ANCESTORS.

## A LECTURE.

(Conclusion.)

What our ancestors could tolerate least of all was a coward or a man shrinking from pain. "In Germany the coward is drowned in the mud under a hurdle."\* Among the laws of King Half, you will remember, was one commandment that nobody should keep fellowship with a man who would groan with pain. Therefore we find that parents always tried to train their children to endurance, and the warriors die singing and jesting at their lacerated bodies. In the *saga* of the Völsung family (the German *Nibelungen-Lied*), it is narrated that Signe sewed the shirts of the male children to their body and then tore them off, bringing the skin also, in order to harden them. It is told of the bard Tormod that, after the battle of Sticklastad, he went into a hut where the wounded had been carried, with an arrow through his body. "Please walk out and bring an armful of wood," said the female surgeon who attended the injured, and who had not observed how pale he was. Tormod went out and came in again, throwing the wood in a corner. Then she looked at him: "You are pale," she said. "Well," Tormod answered, "I do not think that wounds make rosy cheeks." The woman wished to give him some porridge made of onions, that she might smell whether the wound had reached the hollow of the chest or not, but Tormod answered: "No, thank you; I suffer not from porridge disease!" The woman then tried to reach the iron with a pair of nippers, but could not, the body was so swollen round the wound. "You take the knife and cut and give me the pincers," Tormod said. She did so, and Tormod pulled out the iron. There were barbs on the arrow, so that red and white shreds of flesh hung upon it. Tormod smiled. "The king has given us plenty of food," he said, "we are so fat round the heart," and with these words he dropped down dead. The old warrior Starkad lies on a stone quite cut to pieces, with bowels protruding from his wounds, but still he will not receive help, but scolds every passer-by who is not a free man and can use weapons.

In the old country I once spoke with a physician about these stories, and expressed the opinion that such horrible accounts were exaggerated. "No," he said; "I do not think so; because I have met similar things in my own practice.

There was a farmer here who went to the forest to chop wood; he slipped on the moss, fell against the edge of his own axe and cut a hole in his belly so that his bowels protruded. He was many miles from help and quite alone. He then crept, dragging his bowels after him, to a hut built for woodchoppers and lay down on the bench patiently waiting for somebody to come. For two days and nights he lay in that condition. Then two other woodchoppers happened to come, and they sent immediately for me. I was obliged to clean his wound and open it again with a knife, and press the bowels through the hole; but he did not utter a groan of pain. A month after that I met him; he was all right and worked with the others in the field. Such people are physically so strong and hardy that they do not seem to have nerves."

Perhaps those nerves of steel and that bodily strength are indicative of undeveloped brains, a sign of a lower level nearer to the animals. Be that as it may, I should, nevertheless, wish that our young people had more of that soundness of body which is such a distinguishing mark of our Northern race. With that body of iron our ancestors had strong and tender feelings. They were ardent and faithful in their love, as in their friendship. There was none of the old nations that had such respect for women as the Teutonic race. She associated freely with men at festivals and on the playground. She uttered her opinion, and the men listened to her. The woman was among them a *person*, not a *thing*. The law demanded her consent to marriage, surrounded her with guarantees, and accorded her protection. Among the Anglo-Saxons, at least, she might inherit and own property, and bequeath it to whomsoever she would; she was allowed to appear in courts of justice, and to carry on a lawsuit. In the Icelandic *sagas* it is very often the women who, with their cold counsels, stir up their husbands to atrocities and revenge.

Marriage was pure among our ancestors. "Amongst the Saxons adultery was punished by death; the adulteress was obliged to hang herself, or was stabbed by the knives of her companions. The wives of the Cimbrians, when they could not obtain from Marius assurance of their chastity, slew themselves with their own hands. They thought there was something sacred in a woman. They married but one and kept faith with her."\* When we read of King Harald, the Fairhair, that he married nine or ten women, one for almost every province he conquered, it must be consid-

\* Taine: History of Literature.

\* Taine: History of Literature.

ered an exception, done mostly for political reasons. And besides, kings are never to be taken as a pattern in this matter. Tacitus\* writes about marriage among the Germans: The wife, on entering her husband's home, is aware that she gives herself altogether; "that she will have but one body, one life with him; that she will have no thought, no desire beyond; that she will be the companion of his perils and labors; that she will suffer and dare as much as he both in peace and war." The Anglo-Saxon King Alfred, portrays a mistress of the house in the following way: "Thy wife now lives for thee—for thee alone. She has enough of all kinds of wealth for this present life, but she scorns all for thy sake alone. She has forsaken them all because she had not thee with them. Thy absence makes her think that all she possesses is naught. Thus, for love of thee, she is wasted away and lies near death for tears and grief."

Reading such words as these, we can understand the *saga* of Hjalmar and Ingeborg, of Sigrun and Helge. Ingeborg sits waiting for her love Hjalmar to return from the fight with Angantyr and his brothers. She hears footsteps out on the porch; she pulls the door open—it is his comrade coming alone. He only shows Hjalmar's ring. Then she understands all, and drops dead on the floor. Or Queen Sigrun, who has been married to the most glorious of all kings, Helge; he is murdered by her own brother. She becomes paralyzed from sorrow; she curses her brother, and sits like a marble statue in her palace. Then one day her maid servant comes running to her, telling her that she has seen the dead king, and that he waits her in his barrow. Sigrun springs to her feet, and hurries to the tomb, where the dead husband sits. She flings her arms round his neck and says: "I will kiss you, dead king, before you throw off your bloody cuirass. Your hair, Helge, is covered with rime; my king is sprinkled all over with the dew of battle; the hands of the bold warrior are cold; how shall I repair your injury?" Then he answers: "You are the cause, Sigrun from Seva Mountain, that Helge is sprinkled with the dew of grief; when you, golden-robed, sunfair maiden from the south, shed cruel tears before you go to bed, every tear drips like blood on my breast, cold as ice, heavy with sorrow. But now nobody shall sing mourning songs, if he sees bloody wounds on my breast, now women have come into the barrow, daughters of kings to us dead men." And Sigrun leaned

her head upon his breast and said: "Now I will sleep in your arms as I did when you were alive." And she dwelt in the barrow until dawn. Then she saw the king mount his shadowy horse and vanish away in the sky. The following night she started for the barrow, and gazed, and waited; but he did not come. The next night she went there again, and looked and looked to see if the pale horses would appear, but no one came. Every night she walked to the mound, waited, and gazed, but he did not come. One morning she did not return—she sat on the barrow dead. Her heart had burst with grief.

We find the same violent passion when they love as when they fight. The love is so strong that it kills. We find similar traits in many of the old *sagas*—for instance, in the story of Hagbarth and Signe, of Bendik and Aarolilja, of Tyra, the queen of Olaf Trygvason, who mourned herself to death after the battle of Svolder, where her hero and husband fell. The remark of Taine is true: "Nothing here like the love we find in the primitive poetry of France, Provence, Spain, and Greece. There is an absence of gayety, of delight; outside of marriage it is only a ferocious appetite, an outbreak of the instinct of the beast. It appears nowhere with its charm and its smile; there is no love-song in this ancient poetry. The reason is that with them love is not an amusement and a pleasure, but a promise and a devotion. All is grave, even sombre, in civil relations as well as in conjugal society. The deep power of love and the grand power of will are the only ones that sway and act." If you read the *saga* of Gisle Sursson you will find a picture of a woman who can both love and will. She is the wife of the hero; Aud is her name. Her boundless confidence in her husband is beautifully shown in her simple words, "I go to Gisle with everything that is too heavy for me to bear alone." As her husband is sentenced as an outlaw, she flees from all people and settles down on a barren shore of a rocky fiord, in order to assist him. He can only once in a while visit her, and then she must hide him in a subterranean dwelling. In that way she lives year after year. Once his persecutors seek to bribe her to betray her husband. She acts as if she were willing, and lifts the bag heavy with silver coins; but suddenly she plants it straight in the face of the man, so that the blood streams from his nostrils, and asks him if he believes that Icelandic women will betray their husbands. And at last, when they have found the homeless fugitive, and he fights his last combat, then Aud stands at his side upon the

\*Tacitus: xix, viii, xvi.



mountain top, and, wanting a sword, she defends him with a stick.

This power to give one's self entirely up to another person appears not only in the relations between man and woman; it seems to be still stronger and more frequent between man and man. There is no race that has been stronger in friendship than the Teutonic. It was a common custom for friends to mix their blood together, to signify that the same fate should strike them both, and when one died the other should follow him in death. We are told in *Vatsdöla saga* that the old Icelandic chief Ingemund had entered into friendship with a man called Sæmund. To this Sæmund came a relative named Rolleif; but he behaved so badly that it was impossible for Sæmund to endure it. Then Sæmund went to his friend Ingemund, and told him how it was, and begged him to take Rolleif, "because you succeed with all people you take care of." Ingemund answered that he did not like to do it, because his sons were grown up and unruly; "but if you still wish it, I will try, as you are my friend." So he tried; but his foreboding proved true; there was a daily quarrel and fight between his sons and the rascal Rolleif, and he used all occasions to tease them and to do them harm. Ingemund built a house for Rolleif and his mother far off; but it was all the same. There was a river belonging to Ingemund's property, very rich in salmon. He had allowed Rolleif to fish there at times, when his own sons did not use their nets; but Rolleif did not care for this permission, but fished whenever he pleased. Once Ingemund sent out his servants to spread their nets; but Rolleif was at the river and hindered them. They quarrelled with him about it, and at last he called them thralls and rascals, and threw stones at them, striking one of them senseless. The servants came running home as Ingemund sat at table. He asked why they hurried so. They told him how Rolleif had treated them. Then Jakul, the second son of Ingemund, exclaimed: "It seems as if this Rolleif were chieftain here in the valley, and will ill-treat us as he does all others, but never shall that scoundrel bring us under the yoke." Torstein, the oldest son of Ingemund, said: "I think it is going too far now, but still it is best to act quietly." The father advised them to do so, but Jakul jumped to his feet and said, "I should like to try if I am not able to drive him from the coast." Ingemund said: "Son Torstein, please follow your brother. I have most confidence in you." Torstein answered: "I do not know as I can keep Jakul back, and I will not

promise to stand still if he fights with Rolleif." Coming to the river, the brothers saw Rolleif fishing there on the opposite shore. Jakul cried at a distance: "Begone, rascal! else we shall play with you in a way you do not like." Rolleif laughed: "If there were three or four such sparrows as you, I would continue my work in spite of your piping." "You rely upon the witchcraft of your mother," cried Jakul, and jumped out into the river, but the water was too deep there, he could not wade across. "Do your duty, Rolleif," said Torstein, "and let there not be any quarrel between us." But Jakul cried: "Let us kill that wretch!" Now Rolleif commenced to throw stones at them, and the brothers responded in the same way. Jakul tried another ford farther up. Ingemund sat quietly at home, when a man came running, telling him that his sons and Rolleif were stoning each other. Ingemund said: "Make ready my horse; I will ride to them." He was then very old and nearly blind. He had cast a blue cloak over his dress. One of his servants led the horse. When Torstein discovered him, he said: "There comes father! let us retire; I am anxious for him here." Ingemund rode down to the shore and cried: "Rolleif, go away from the river and think upon your duty." But at the same moment Rolleif got a glimpse of Ingemund, he flung his lance at him and hit him in the middle of the waist. When Ingemund felt he was stabbed, he turned his horse and said to his servant: "Lead me home!" Arrived home, it was late in the evening. Dismounting his horse, he said: "I am stiff now; that is the way with us old folks, we get tottering feet." The servant supported him, and then he heard a peculiar sound, and discovered the lance through his master's body. Ingemund said: "You have been a faithful servant; now do as I want. Go immediately to Rolleif, and tell him to leave before dawn, because to-morrow my sons will demand the blood of their father on his hands. That is no revenge for me, that he shall be killed, and it is my duty to protect the man I have taken into my house, as long as I can." With these words he broke off the spear shaft, and, leaning on his servant, he went in and sat himself in his high-seat. He forbade them to light any candle before his sons came home. The servant hurried back to Rolleif, and said to him: "You are the meanest wretch in the world. Now you have killed old Ingemund, the best man in Iceland. He begged me to tell you that you ought to leave to-morrow, because his sons doubtless will seek your life.

Now I have advised you; but, telling the truth, I should rather have seen your head under the axe of the brothers." Rolleif answered: "If you had not brought me these tidings you should never have gone hence alive." When the brothers entered the hall it was dark. Torstein groped his way forward, but suddenly he recoiled. "Here is something wet!" he said. The mother answered: "It has dripped from the cloak of Ingemund; I presume it rains." Torstein cried: "No, it is slippery, like blood! Light the candles!" They did so. There sat Ingemund in his high-seat, dead. The lance still pierced his body. Jakul was first to break the silence: "It is dreadful to know that such a man as father is killed by that rascal; let us go and stab him." But Torstein answered: "You do not know our father, if you have any doubt that he has warned the wretch. Where is the servant who followed father?" They said he was not at home. "Then neither is Rolleif at home," answered Torstein; "but that must be our comfort, that there was a great difference between our father and Rolleif, and that will be to his benefit before him who has created the sun and the whole world, whosoever he is." But Jakul was so furious that they could scarcely restrain him. Ingemund was laid in his own boat, and there was made a mound over him. But when the sad tidings came to Ingemund's friend Eyvind, he said to his fosterson: "Go and tell my friend Gant what I am doing;" and at the same moment he drew his sword, threw himself on the point, and died. When Gant heard of this, he said: "When such a man leaves us it is best to keep his company," and with these words he stabbed himself with his sword.

The same devotedness to friends our ancestor showed also toward his chief. "Having chosen his chief, he forgets himself in him, assigns to him his own glory, serves him to the death."\* Tacitus says: "He is infamous as long as he lives who returns from the field of the battle without his chief." It was on this voluntary subordination that feudal society was based. Man in this race can accept a superior, can be capable of devotion and respect. "Old as I am," says one of their old poets, "I will not budge hence. I mean to die by my lord's side, near this man I have loved so much."† In the *saga* of Rolf Krake, as it is told by the Danish historian Saxo Grammaticus, Bodvar Bjarke, the Norwegian warrior of the king, says to his Danish champion Hjalte, when they fight their last fight: "Let us, while the

blood still runs warm through our veins, try to die like honest men. I will sink down at the head of my lord; thou, Hjalte, lay down at his feet. It is nothing that ravens and eagles will peck our corpses, when we only fall as bold and valiant warriors on the battle-field beside our king." To follow their chosen chieftain and die for his sake was the most glorious life they knew. This view of life saturates their whole religion. God Odin would not receive in his abode of Valhal other than those who had sunk down with wounds on their breast, and beyond the grave they should live the same wild warrior-life again. They should meet with their friends and chiefs, and fight at their side, just as here on earth. The Greek heathen put all weight upon this life, and urged the enjoyment of the beauty and happiness of earth. Beyond the grave was the shadow-land, the joyless and dreary existence. But the Scandinavian and German heathen raised the life of man from the dead, and let it grow still stronger and greater on the other side of the tomb. To him, death was only the entrance-gate to a more glorious life than the present, and therefore they could die singing; could laugh at their wounds, mingle in the bloodiest fight with cold contempt of injuries and death. Their harshest enemies, the Romans, stood in wondering reverence before that peculiar trait of character, and the Latin poet Lucan sings of these barbarians: "Where we only see pale shadows through the foggy sky, there the spirit builds before your eyes a new hall. If we may reckon after your songs, death only divides the stream of life, that in the next world swells with new powers through every limb. Question the people that live in the North; are they in error in regard to this matter? They have got rid of the worst fear on earth, the fear of death. They have heroic courage; they are the conquerors of death; they deem it paltry to chaffer about a life they shall regain."\* And this idea of the warrior's life under the standard of a glorious chieftain as the most desirable life of man was not extinguished by Christianity. It obtained, rather, nobler aims and stronger vitality. Jesus Christ was made the most powerful chieftain that ever lived—greater than both Odin and Thor, but carrying on the same fight as they, the fight against the evil spirits, the Jotuns, Satan and his angels. He broke down the walls of death and hell, and rose as the glorious victor on the third day, and his faithful followers we shall be, suffering and

\* Lucan: The poem of the battle of Pharsolus. (After Grundtvig's translation.)

\*Taine. †Taine.

fighting under his banner, dying with him in order to be raised with him. It was the same train of ideas as in heathen days, only changed to a Christian foundation, with Christian names. That our ancestors preferred to look at Jesus Christ as the valiant hero, we may see from the poems of *Cædmon*, the oldest religious poems we have in any Northern tongue. *Cædmon* lived in Northumberland, in the last part of the seventh century. When he sings about the death of Christ on the cross, it is not the suffering Christ, dragged along the streets of Jerusalem to Golgatha, powerless, bleeding, nearly sinking; no, it is Christ as a young and vigorous hero, who voluntarily ascends the cross in order to liberate us. He sings thus; it is the holy cross itself which is speaking: "The Frey\* of the world I saw, powerful, hurry on; strong, he would ascend my stem. . . . The young hero, God Almighty, bold and valiant, girded himself and ascended the high gallows courageously before many eyes, because he would unbind the chains of the world." And under the same aspect, of vikings who are on the war-path, they looked upon the apostles. In an old poem of *Andreas*, the apostles are described in the following manner: "Once in olden times there lived twelve glorious champions, the thanes of the Lord. When they struck their helmets they never grew tired. They were famous men, bold chieftains, courageous in warfare when hand and shield fought for the Lord on the battle-field."† *Nicodemus* and *Joseph of Arimathea* are called "the heroes of *Hild*," that is, the goddess of battle. *Abraham* and *Lot* roam about as vikings, taking land where the country seems to be most pleasant; *Moses* is "the famous chieftain" who leads out the Hebrew warriors; their ramblings, their encounter with *Pharao* are described as one of their heathen bards would describe a war expedition of the old vikings. Thus *Cædmon* writes: "They encamped, and the tired warriors threw themselves into the grass. The helpers in the kitchen brought them food, and the men recovered their strength. They pitched their tents on the hill-slopes, while the war-bugles sounded; it was the fourth camp. Round the Red Sea rested the shield-bearers." Then *Pharao* comes persecuting them. "Look how it shines, yonder by the forest! banners wave, people march, the spears are sharpened, the shields twinkle, war is over our heads, trumpets

sound. The coarse, voracious birds of battle, the black ravens, have chosen their field, and cry for corpses; wolves howl their ugly evening song, they expect battle-food. The breath of death blew wildly over the people, and they were stopped." So the old poet describes how the Egyptians perish: "The folk affrighted, the flood-dread seized on their sad souls; with a roaring came the ocean; it bellowed death, it foamed gore, and the water spouted blood on the mountain sides. The waves filled with weapons, with screams, all wrapped in fogs of death—the Egyptians rushed round, fled trembling from fear and anguish; but against them, like a cloud, rose the fell rollings of the waves; nobody was saved; from behind fate closed the gates with the billows; where ways ere lay, sea raged. The air was mixed with smell of corpses; the breakers burst and rolled and killed in their embrace. No one was spared; not a single one of the numberless thanes returned with the sad tidings to the castle to tell their wives about the fall of the chiefs."

This description reminds us of the wild war-song which the Scandinavian vikings sang three hundred years later, when they ravaged the coasts of Ireland and England:

"Come and weave, come and weave  
the texture of battle;  
of entrails of man  
is taken the warp,  
with the skulls of man  
it is strongly stretched out.  
Bloody spears  
shall become the shuttles,  
the beams are steel,  
the reeds are arrows;  
make thus with the sword  
the webb of victory tight."\*

Now you may understand why Bishop *Ulfila*, the first translator of the Bible into the Gothic language, did not dare to include the Books of the Kings, because he feared that his countrymen would become too excited and too eager for war. Now you may understand why the bishops in the mediæval times among our ancestors dressed themselves in cuirass and helmets as readily as in the bishop's garments. Now you may understand why the beautiful and characteristic story of Saint *Kristofer* has grown among this race—the giant, who, strong himself, would serve the strongest, and first applied to the emperor, but discovering that he feared the devil, went to him, and, seeing that the devil was scared by the cross, went to the master of the cross and served him humbly and

\*Frey is the name of the god of peace and good years. It is remarkable that the poet dares to apply a heathen god's name to Christ.

†The quotations from *Cædmon* and other old Anglo-Saxon poets are all from "The Epic-Christian Ancient Poems with the Gothic People," by Fr. Hammerich. Copenhagen, 1873.

\*Njaal's Saga.

patiently till his death. It is the faithfulness to the chosen chieftain which emerges in this legend too; and they take with them into Christianity all the heathen terms and names, so that they dare call Christ the "Frey of the World," the "Loving Balder," the "King of Victory."

This swelling defiance and power, this endless desire for becoming independent and rulers, which is so characteristic of our ancestors, has got its strongest poetic expression in the picture of Satan, Cædmon's masterpiece. He puts the following words in the mouth of Satan: "Why shall I for his favor serve, bend to him in such vassallage? I may be a god like him. Stand by me, strong companions, who will not fail me in the strife. Heroes, stern of mood, they have chosen me for chief; renowned warriors! with such may one devise counsel, with such capture his adherents; they are my zealous friends, faithful in their thoughts. I may be their chieftain, sway in this realm; thus to me it seemeth not right, that I in aught need cringe to God for any good: I will no longer be His vassal." He is overcome, but not subdued. He does not repent. He is cast into the place "where torment they suffer, burning heat intense in the midst of hell, fire, and broad flames." At first he is astonished; he despairs, but it is a hero's despair. Proud he looks around: "Is this the place where my Lord imprisons me? It is most unlike that other, that we ere knew, high in heaven's kingdom, which my master bestowed on me. Oh, had I power of my hands and might one season be without, be one winter's space—then with this host I! . . . But around me lie iron bonds, presseth this cord of chain. I am powerless! me have so hard the clamps of hell so firmly grasped."\*

In a poem, "Christ and Satan," he depicts Satan being in hell, lamenting: "Never with my hands I heaven reach, never with my eyes I upward see, never with my ears I hear the sweet tunes from the trumpets of the angels, never in all eternity—never! never!" "As there is nothing to be done against *God*, it is his new creature *man* he must attack. Vengeance is the only thing left him; and if the conquered can enjoy this, he will find himself happy, he will sleep softly even under his chains."

Beside this old poet, Milton grows pale, it seems to me. But both are related to each other, and they have had their originals from the same race—Cædmon in the wild obstinate vikings of the North, Milton in the sturdy Puritans.

\* Quoted after Taine.

This strong, refreshing, and encouraging view of Christianity—that Jesus Christ, the chieftain of the Church is a hero who has burst open the road to heaven, who has liberated us out of our chains and leads us under his victorious standard, maintained its position until the church of the pope came with its Latin and destroyed the national song and whipped the people with its dogmatic rods. To-day we have not shaken off this yoke; orthodoxy has taught the descendants of that proud race to walk along sighing and looking at the dust, dragging along with them their inherited guilt; it has taught them to look at Christ as the bleeding, suffering, and dying, hanging there on his cross, but not so much as the risen, victorious, leading, progressive humanity, moving forward round the whole earth, loosening the chains and doing good. The old healthy view of Christianity is an inheritance from our ancestors, which we not yet have taken possession of.

What a singular people those old ancestors were! What a natural power! What an imagination! What desire for adventures! What intense feelings! What a childlike mind! As the French king, Clodovig, listened to the story of the suffering of Christ, he exclaimed: "If I only had been there with my Franks!"

"How strange," Taine says, "to see them place their happiness in battle, their beauty in death? Is there any people, Hindoo, Persian, Greek, or Gallic, which has formed so tragic a conception of life? Is there any which has peopled its infantine mind with such gloomy dreams? Is there any which has so entirely banished from its dreams the sweetness of enjoyment and the softness of pleasure? Endeavors, tenacious and mournful endeavors—such was their chosen condition. Strife for strife's sake—such is their pleasure. With what sadness, madness, destruction, such a disposition breaks its bonds, we see in Shakspeare and Byron; with what vigor and purpose it can limit and employ itself when possessed by moral ideas, we can see in the case of the Puritans." "When we see travelling English people nowadays, we know the race," says Carlyle. "To climb all the mountain tops where nobody else has been, to risk their lives in crawling over precipices, to vie with each other in walking, in rowing, in swimming—yes, in eating, too,—that is an inheritance from their ancestors, the race of bodily strength, of tenacious will and defiance, of contempt of death."

There is one thing more I would like to mention before I close, and that is their love of music



and song. The bard must never fail, either under the banner of the king in the battle, or at the table in the hall. When the wine or mead had warmed their blood, the harp went round, and they sang of the wild noise of war, and of faithful woman's love. The bard was a dear guest. Where he went the gates flung open to him, and he was placed in the high seat, and he was presented with purple cloaks and golden chains. Before the battle of Stiklastad, King Olav asked the bard Tormod to awake the sleeping camp by an old war song, and in the battle of Hastings the bard Toillifer rode before the army of William the Conqueror, sang, and threw the first lance towards the enemy. At the time of Charles the Great it was the law in one of his countries "that the man who wounded a harp-player in his hand should pay one-fourth part more in fine than if he had hurt another man." The preacher Oldhelm, when he could not get people to listen to his sermons, dressed himself as a bard, and took his place on a bridge where the crowd passed, and repeated warlike and profane odes, as well as religious poetry in order to attract and instruct the men of his time. The bard was the teacher in religion, in history, in all sciences. Even into the monasteries, the bard-song passed. "In King Edgar's time," says an old historian, "you heard music, song and dance, from the monasteries, till midnight." They must have been merry monks. This taste for music and poetry gives reconciliation to the drinking parties, breathes spirit into the rough and brutish talk. And we may proudly say, that a society where woman is respected, where marriage is holy, which is founded on faithfulness and truth, on devotedness to what is held dear, is a society fit for development, a society destined to have something to do in the world.

KRISTOFER JANSON.

#### THE SURRENDER OF FORT CHRISTINA.

On the 12th day of December, 1653, the College of Commerce of Sweden nominated John Claudius Rising as Commissary and Assistant-Councillor to the Governor of New Sweden. Rising was a native of the then Swedish province of Pommerania, and had been court-martialed for some military offence during the Thirty Years War. He was accompanied on his expedition to New Sweden by Peter Lindström, royal engineer, a clergyman named Peter —, and various officers, both civil and military. He was allowed 1000

rix daler for travelling expenses, and an appropriation of 1200 dollars silver per annum, together with such emoluments as might be derived from the South Company. He was also to have as much land in New Sweden as could be cultivated by twenty or thirty peasants. Although appointed as assistant-councillor, or lieutenant-governor, Rising at once received precedence from Papegāja, who had served as vice-governor since Printz's departure; so that in Rising was vested the office of fifth Governor of Delaware. He was directed to strengthen the Swedish possessions on the Southriver, and to subjugate the Dutch by measures of amity, as far as possible. He sailed from Gothenburg early in the year 1654, in the ship *Aren*, Captain Swensko. Acrelius states that so great was the number of emigrants desirous of accompanying this expedition, that hundreds were left behind for want of sufficient passage-room for them.

They arrived in the Delaware, or Southriver, on Trinity Sunday, in the latter part of May, 1654. Sailing up the river as far as the Dutch Fort Cassimir—now New Castle, Delaware—they fired a salute of two guns, in response to which two men came down to learn the character and intentions of the visitors. They returned to their commandant, one Gerrit Bikker, with the information that it was a Swedish vessel, with a new governor, who demanded the surrender of Fort Cassimir, claiming that the ground on which it stood was Swedish property. Astonished at this presumption, Bikker took time to digest it, during which Rising informed himself with more certainty as to the condition of the Dutch garrison. Assuring himself that it was feeble, he landed with thirty men, who, dispersing themselves over the fort, again demanded its surrender, at the point of the sword. Bikker, stupidly bewildered at the unexpectedness of the attack, and commanding but ten or twelve soldiers, yielded his side-arms, and attempted no defence. The gallant Lieutenant Gyllengren took possession of the guns, and, striking down the Dutch flag, raised the Swedish colors in its stead. The fort was named Fort Trinity, in memory of the day of its surrender. Bikker complained bitterly to Stuyvesant of the ruthless and inhuman manner in which he and his men were driven from the fort; while Acrelius, on the other hand, declares that a correct inventory of the property was taken, and that each man was permitted to remove his own at discretion. They were at liberty to leave the place, or to swear allegiance to the

Swedish crown. Fearful of the consequences of falling into the hands of the Dutch, after his surrender, Bikker took the oath of allegiance. Concerning this affair, the Dutch records state: "We hardly know which astonished us more, the attempt of the newly arrived Swedish troops to make themselves masters of the Southriver and our fort, or the infamous surrender of the same by our commandant." Of strategic genius Rising made no exhibition on this occasion, but for prompt and audacious *sang froid*, he may be heartily commended. He rebuilt the fort, and a plan of it was drawn by Engineer Lindström, a copy of which was, and may still be, in the possession of Mr. Thompson Westcott, of Philadelphia, although the original was destroyed in the fire at Stockholm in 1697. Rising now found it incumbent to renew the former treaties with the Indians, and a meeting was therefore appointed for June 17, 1654, at Printz Hall, on Tinicum Island; when, flattered and pacified with gifts, the Indians reiterated their promises of friendship, and the council closed with feasting and firing of guns. The energies of Rising and Lindström were largely directed to investigation and classification of the resources of the country, which were duly reported to the home government. Rising, who came to New Sweden without a wife, and subsequently appealed to the chancellor for such a commodity, took up his residence in the fort at Christina.

In August, 1654, Oxenstierna, Chancellor of Sweden, died; and, upon the abdication of Christina, the reins of government fell into the hands of her cousin, Charles Gustaf. In the meantime, the Dutch, who had never recovered from their indignation at the seizure of Fort Cassimir, meditated revenge; and it was not long before the instruments of retaliation were placed by auspicious circumstances in their hands. In the latter part of September, 1654, the Swedish ship *Haij*, a small and weather-worn vessel of forty to fifty tons burthen, met with a curious misadventure. She was commanded by Hendrik Van Elswyck, of Lübeck, Factor of the High Crown of Sweden, and by some error or culpable intention of the pilot, was guided out of course into the North River, to a position behind Staten Island. Elswyck was compelled to send to New Amsterdam for a pilot to relieve them of their difficulty, and thus gave the Dutch information of his presence. The *Haij*, with its cargo, was seized, on suspicion of evil intentions, and while the crew were permitted to remain on the vessel, Elswyck was sent to

the Southriver with instructions to Rising to settle the difficulty with the Governor of New Netherland. At a meeting of the Director-General and High Council, at New Amsterdam, on the 20th of October, 1654, a formal offer of the restitution of the ship *Haij*, with its effects, was made to Rising, on the condition that Fort Cassimir should be restored to the Dutch. Assurance was also given that in such an event, friendly and neighborly intercourse would be resumed. A pass was accordingly issued for Rising to visit New Amsterdam, but, tenacious of Fort Cassimir, he refused to make such a settlement. Elswyck addressed the following protest against the seizure of the *Haij*, to the Director-General and Council:

"Noble, Honorable Director-General," etc.: "On the 22d of September last I landed, either through the carelessness, or perhaps wanton malice of my pilot, in this river of New Netherland, with the ship *Haij* entrusted to me by the Royal Swedish General Chamber of Commerce, on behalf of the Honorable South Company. I sent some of my people in a boat here to New Amsterdam, as to good friends and neighbors" [The gloss of amity between Dutch and Swedes at this time appears to have been very thin, and an illustration of the saying, "A man convinced against his will, is of the same opinion still."], "to engage a pilot, who, for a money consideration, would bring us to the Southriver. Arrived here, my men, both born Swedes, were taken prisoners to the guard-house, and I was fetched from the place where I was by the Honorable Vice-Commander with eight musketeers, and placed here in the house of Sergeant Daniel Litschoe, but the ship itself was also brought up from the Raritan Kil, by the Honorable Director-General, our flag hauled down, and the ship continually occupied by soldiers and people. Now, although it is asserted that his noble Honor, Johan Rising, Director of the Government of New Sweden, had taken your Honors' pretended Fort Cassimir, and that, therefore, your Honors have seized this ship with its cargo, such a pretext has no basis or foundation whatever, because the said Fort was erected in 1651 by his noble Honor, your Director-General, rather by overwhelming force than with right and equity, upon the territory of H. R. M. of Sweden, our most gracious Queen; the then Swedish Governor protesting against it, so that the aforesaid Honorable Governor, Johan Rising, has not taken it from your noble Honors, but has only repossessed himself of what belongs to Her Royal Majesty of Sweden, herself," etc., etc.

This the Dutch regarded as a mere begging of the question, and they continued to reiterate their grievance in the unlawful and insufferable taking of Fort Cassimir. They relaxed none of their claim to their legitimate possession of it, and openly expressed their suspicions that the ship *Haij* had "lost her way" with no friendly intentions. They now, accordingly, took measures for hostile advances against the Southriver Swedes. The ship *Balance*, armed with thirty-six guns, and commanded by Frederick de Conineck, was instructed to proceed directly from Holland to New Netherland, and there to await further orders. She arrived on the 15th of August. On the 19th a call for volunteers was issued. "If some lovers of the flourishing, well-being, and safety of this newly-opened province of New Netherland are willing and inclined to serve the Director-General and Council, either for love or for a reasonable salary and board money, they will please to address themselves to his Honor, the noble Director-General himself, or to one of the honorable gentlemen of the Council, and inform them," etc. Signed,

"P. STUYVESANT,

"NICASIVS DE SILLE,

"CORNELIS VAN TIENHOVEN."\*

An order to captains of vessels in the harbor was also issued, to furnish men, ammunition, and provisions. Such as refused were impressed. Van Tienhoven and Conineck were authorized to board ships, and request amicably, or, if refused, command, from each ship two men, two hundred pounds of codfish, two or three small barrels of groats, one barrel of meat, with one barrel of bacon, and three hundred pounds of bread; also as much powder as they conveniently could spare. The French privateer, *L'Esperance*, was also chartered. Jews were exempted from service, owing to the antipathy of other soldiers to do duty in conjunction with them. A tax of sixty-five stivers per month, "until further orders," was, however, imposed upon each Jew over sixteen and under sixty years of age. "When your Honors shall have carried the expedition to a successful end," says a letter in the Dutch Records, dated May 26, 1655, "the land upon which Fort Christina stands, with a certain amount of garden land for the cultivation of tobacco, shall be left to the people, as they seem to have bought it, with the knowledge and consent of the Company, under the condition that the aforesaid Swedes shall consider

themselves subjects of this State and the Company. This for your information and government."

On the 5th of September, the expedition sailed for the Southriver. It consisted of seven vessels, and between six and seven hundred men. Upon arriving at Fort Cassimir, they at once took measures for seizing the fort. Swen Schute was the commander in charge, and had been informed of the intentions of the enemy. Rising had instructed him to hold possession of the fort, and above all, not to allow the Dutch to pass without firing upon them. Schute disobeyed the latter injunction, and permitted the Dutch fleet to pass the fort without molestation, the force of his own garrison convincing him that discretion was the better part of valor. Upon being commanded to surrender, he begged time to consult with Rising, but this was refused. Meanwhile, fifty Dutch soldiers had established themselves in the passes between Fort Cassimir and Fort Christina, thus cutting off Swedish communication and hope of relief. At this, Swen Schute claimed the privilege of sending an open letter to Rising, but this also was denied, and accordingly, on Saturday morning, September 16, 1655, Schute boarded the *Balance*, and signed the capitulation.† He was severely censured by Rising for allowing the Dutch to pass the fort, without firing, and for subscribing to the capitulation on board a Dutch vessel, instead of in "some indifferent place." The surrender was allowed to be inevitable, owing to the overpowering strength of the Dutch forces. The entire population of Swedes on the Southriver at that time numbered something like four hundred, including women and children, in opposition to whom the Dutch presented six or seven hundred armed men. Swen Schute, together with other Swedes, took the oath of allegiance to the Dutch.

Perceiving that designs were entertained against Fort Christina, Rising sent Elswyck to remonstrate with Stuyvesant, for seeking to obtain possession of the entirely legitimate property of the Swedes. Not to be dissuaded, however, the Dutch besieged Fort Christina, in the rear. The Swedish garrison consisted of but thirty men, with insufficient ammunition and provisions. Hopeless of immediate success, and unable to sustain a prolonged resistance, Rising, therefore, after a gallant defence, surrendered Fort Christina, on the following terms:

1. "That all cannon, ammunition, provisions, and supplies, together with other things belonging to the Crown of Sweden, which are in and around

\* Documents relating to Col. Hist. of N. Y., Vol. 12.

† See Capitulation, Acrelius, pp. 74-5.

Fort Christina, shall belong to and be preserved as the property of the Swedish Crown and the Southern Company, and shall be under the power of said Governor, to take it away or to deliver it to Governor Stuyvesant, with the proviso that it shall be given up upon order.

2. "Governor John Rising, his superior and inferior officers, his officials and soldiers, shall march out of the fort with drums and trumpets playing, flags flying, matches burning, with hand and side-arms, and balls in their mouths. They shall first be conducted to Tinneucuk [Tinicum] Island, to which they shall be taken in safety, and placed in the fort which is there, until the Governor sets sail upon the ship *Waegh*, [*The Balance*] upon which said Governor Rising, his people and property, shall be conducted to Sandy Huck, situated five Holland miles the other side of New York, under safe conduct, within at least fourteen days. Also the Governor and Factor Elswyk shall in the meantime have allowed them four or five servants for attending to their business, whilst the others are lodged in the Fortress.

3. "All writings, letters, instructions, and acts belonging to the Crown of Sweden, the Southern Company, or private person which are found in Fort Christina, shall remain in the Governor's hands to take away at his pleasure, without being searched or examined.

4. "None of the Crown's or Company's officers, soldiers, officials, or private persons shall be detained here against their wishes, but shall be allowed to go without molestation along with the Governor, if they so desire.

5. "That all the officers, soldiers, and officials of the Crown and of the Southern Company, and also all private persons shall retain their goods unmolested.

6. "If some officials and Freemen desire to depart, but are not able to go with the Governor and his party, they shall be allowed the time of one year and six weeks in which to sell their land and goods, provided that they do not take the oath of allegiance for the period that they remain.

7. "If any of the Swedes or Finns are not disposed to go away, Governor Rising may take measures to induce them to do so; and if they are so persuaded, they shall not be forcibly detained. Those who choose to remain shall have the liberty of adhering to their own Augsburg confession,\* as also to support a minister for their instruction.

8. "Governor Rising, Factor Elswyk, and

\*The Swedes and Finns were Lutherans. The Hollanders were Calvinists.

other superior and inferior officers, soldiers, and Freemen, with all their property which they wish to take away, shall be provided by the Governor-General with a sound ship, which shall receive them at Sandy Huck, and convey them to Texel, and thence immediately by a coaster, galliote, or other suitable vessel to Gothenburg, without charge; with the proviso that said coaster, galliote, or other vessel shall not be detained, for which the said Governor Rising shall be answerable.

9. "In case Governor Rising, Factor Elswyk, or any other official belonging to the Swedish Crown or the South Company, has incurred any debts on account of the Crown or of the Company, they shall not be detained therefor within the jurisdiction of the Governor-General.

10. "Governor Rising has full freedom to make himself acquainted with the conduct of Commander Schute and that of his officers and soldiers in regard to the surrender of Sandhuk Fort [Fort Casimir].

11. "Governor Rising promises that between the 15th and 25th of September, he will withdraw his people from Fort Christina, and deliver it up to the Governor-General.

"Done and signed the 15-25th of September, 1655, on the parade between Fort Christina, and the Governor-General's camp.

"PETER STUYVESANT,

"JOHN RISING."

#### SECRET ARTICLE.

"It is further capitulated that the Captain who is to convey Governor John Rising and the Factor Henry Elswyk shall be expressly commanded and ordered to put the aforesaid Governor Rising and the Factor Elswyk on shore, either in England or in France; and that the Director-General shall lend to Governor Rising, either in money or bills of exchange, the sum of three hundred pounds Flemish, which the said Governor Rising engages to repay to the Governor-General, or his order, in Amsterdam, within six months after the receipt. In the meantime he leaves as a pledge and equivalent the property of the Crown and Southern Company now given up. Hereof we give two copies signed by the contracting parties.

"Concluded September 15-25th, on the parade between Fort Christina and Governor-General Stuyvesant's camp.

"PETER STUYVESANT,

"JOHN RISING."\*

Nineteen Swedes subscribed to the oath of allegiance to the Dutch. Rising did not immediately

\* Acrelius, pp. 76, 77, 78.



return to Sweden, and the arms and ammunition of the Crown were not redeemed.

Thus fell, after an independence of seventeen years, the Swedish political power on the Delaware. Had it not been for the rashness of Rising in stirring up the enmity of the Dutch, it might still have survived. Yet the chief cause of its subjugation, doubtless, lay in the magnificent maritime resources of Holland, as opposed to the poverty of Sweden in that respect. Help came slowly and insufficiently to the Swedes from home, at this time, while Holland had but to beat the drum in her streets, and the colony of New Netherland was promptly re-enforced.

Not thus ignominiously perished the seeds of moral integrity and thrift planted by the Swedes upon the Delaware river. Scattered broad-cast, they bloom to-day in countless American homes, and as surviving witnesses of the dignity and worth of Swedish principles in America—we have the Gloria Dei Church of Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, and the Old Swedes Church of Wilmington, Delaware, whose picturesque features recently appeared in the *Century Magazine*.

EMMA SHERWOOD CHESTER.

#### LITERARY EPIDEMICS.

To the Editor of SCANDINAVIA:

You remember the pottery fever? It burst half a dozen publishing firms and crippled a dozen more; it struck a score of names from the catalogue of writers and tarnished a hundred more; and it finally wore out the attention of the public to such a degree that one needed only to whisper the word ceramic, or crockery, or pottery, and even the pet dog would start in dismay from his pillow, and slink out of the parlor with the tail between his legs—it was brought to our shores with the Di Cesnola art collection.

One day we read in the papers that our gallant consul at Cyprus, General Di Cesnola, had undertaken some very comprehensive excavations in that island, and finally succeeded in sinking a shaft into the very midst of the Arabian Nights; for he had found not simply a statue of rare beauty, or some ornaments of exquisite taste, or tools and utensils of pregnant character and consummate workmanship. No; he had found whole cart-loads of all those things—cart-loads which promised to fill that embarrassing gap in the history of art—the gap between east and west—the Lydian-Lycian gap; and more especially he had discovered a real America of pottery—of vases,

urns, tumblers, cups, platters, dishes, saucers, and lamps, which, when duly arranged, would form the most complete collection of ceramics in the world. The descriptions were learned; they were graphic; they were glowing; they were irresistible. Even Julius Lange\* was overwhelmed.

Some time later on we read in the same papers that this unique collection had been offered for sale to Napoleon III.; that the emperor had been very anxious to buy it for the Louvre, and offered a magnificent sum of money for it; but, unfortunately, the general's letter of acceptance had not reached Paris until the day after the battle of Sedan, and—here the papers shrugged their shoulders and smiled. The collection had then been exhibited in London, and a committee had been immediately appointed to examine it and negotiate its incorporation with the British Museum; but, unfortunately, the committee had not money enough to pay the price of it, and—here again the papers shrugged their shoulders and smiled. In the right nick of time, however, an American gentleman came forward, bought the whole collection in one lump, and presented it to the City of New York, to be placed in the Metropolitan Museum of Art. Thus, this invaluable treasure, which France might have had if she had not lost the battle of Sedan, and which England might have had if she had not lacked money to pay for it, became American property. A thrill ran through the whole nation—for was this event not a message of our coming greatness?

The very same day, at noon, quite a number of ladies in black rustle, but with coachman and groom in striped apple-green velvet, stepped into the book stores and asked for some books on pottery. The clerk, somewhat bewildered, fetched down from the shelves every volume on the history and philosophy of art he could think of, and spread them on the desk. But the ladies explained that they wanted special treatises on pottery, with full and exhaustive information on the subject, and not hand-books on art in general, with scarce and meagre notices on the thing in question. And the clerks had to regret and feel sorry that they were unable to comply with the request. Later on, in the afternoon, a swarm of ladies in black soft, but spectacled, and with the last rose of summer fastened to their belt, actually beleaguered the desks, demanding books on pottery, and when the alarmed clerk told them that full

\*Julius Lange is a Danish art historian and art critic of great ability, who, in one of his essays, has happened to speak of the Di Cesnola collection in a rather unfortunate manner, evidently under the influence of the fever.

and exhaustive treatises on the subject they had not, the ladies declared it a shame that a great nation could not have what it wanted, and hinted that it would be better for publishers to make books which educated people wished to read, instead of gorging fools with horrid novels. Meanwhile the excitement spread from the store into the office and from the office into the editorial rooms, and toward evening, just as the establishments were going to sleep behind the shutters, an army of gentlemen marched up, covering their collars with their whiskers and their gloves with their handkerchiefs, and loud propositions were made, of articles in a week, of books in a month, everything complete and fresh and sprightly. The storm was brewing; a few days afterward it burst upon us.

For a whole month no daily paper in New York dared to show its face on any news-stand, without containing at least one or two articles on pottery, reports from their own special correspondents, on the pottery of Troy, on the pottery of Utica, etc. Then the field-artillery began to play. For a whole year no American monthly appeared without an illustration of the cup of Alcibiades, or the cup of Socrates, or the cup of Cleopatra, accompanied by an explanation, learned or spiced, by some specialist. Finally was heard the boom of the big guns: quartos and folios, containing the history of pottery from creation to doomsday, written by real pottery professors at real pottery universities, and sold only by subscription, five volumes, \$10 each. Millionaires telegraphed to Europe for collections of pottery. Ladies gave receptions, at which exquisite bits of pottery were exhibited and admired. Every lecturing apparatus in the United States was worked up to its bursting point. Yea, even the Senator from Kalamazoo had an idea. When Troy has had a peculiar style of pottery, and Utica has had a peculiar style of pottery, then it is more than probable that Kalamazoo has also had its style. Why not? Let us look into it. And the United States were actually ransacked from one end to the other, in order to have the Maine, the Vermont, the Virginia style of pottery properly represented. Then, suddenly, a round melodious laughter came floating through the air on sonorous ripples. It was a young girl who found the joke too good. The laughter was, indeed, a message from our coming greatness, and, after a few moments of ominous silence, the whole fabric tumbled down, covering the hideous affectation with its ruins. The epidemic was over.

You know how very little exaggeration there is in this description—if any at all—and you know how easily I could have selected some much more striking example, if I had thought it necessary. A few years ago, Mr. Haberton wrote a book called "Helen's Babies." It was neither better nor worse than his other books, but it happened to have an almost irresistible title. When those words were howled through a dreary smoking-car, they appealed in the most cunning and seductive manner to the latent good humor which every American bears behind his vest, even if he is ever so tired. The book was consequently sold in seventy-five thousand copies in an incredibly short time, and the word "baby" became an indispensable portion of every book-title. In *Scribner's Monthly* I read an article headed "Babies in the Wood," and yet the article was simply a sketch of a trip to the Adirondacks, and it was completely incidental that the writer, in one line, happened to mention that she had carried her baby along with her. So virulent was the contagion. Nevertheless, though I must confess that such literary epidemics are a real nuisance to a man of true literary taste, that they give to superficiality and humbug too liberal an opportunity of venting themselves, that they often cost a considerable amount of money, labor, sincerity, etc., I cannot say that I wish any physician in the disguise of a literary critic to stop them in their career, even if he could. They have their office to fill, as has the scarabee. Some years ago, the City of New York succumbed to a rage for walking-matches. Night after night thousands of men and women would sit for hours in a damp, hot, sultry, half-dark, ill-smelling cave, and look at half a dozen more or less homely persons exhibiting themselves in a most ungainly manner. Smoking, drinking, betting, thieving, etc., was going on in every nook and corner among the spectators, while on the arena those bull-fighters without bulls, dragged themselves along like sleep-walkers, only now and then galvanized into life by a spasm of the muscles. Nevertheless, gentlemen found in those scenes something which interested them, ladies something which enthusiasmed them, and when the first great walking-match was over, every promenade and parade-ground and public square in the city, nay, the very sidewalks of the streets, were transformed into arenas where long lines of school-boys and apprentices performed walking-matches, so as to actually interfere with the traffic. It was the worst of public nuisances I have ever met with. But—again I must confess that the

final result was something so excellent, that it cannot be said to have been bought too dear. The population of New York walks better to-day than before the walking-match craze. There has come something in the gait of a young New Yorker which must catch every eye able to appreciate the beauty of a perfect adjustment of the limbs to a purpose. So, too, with the pottery fever. It swept away all those hideous French whims according to which everything on our table or mantel-piece was distorted into the forms of flaming acanthus leaves, and left a sense for simple, chaste, and convenient forms, which has made our houses more beautiful and more comfortable.

Nor are these literary epidemics a specifically American trait; though it cannot be denied that they show themselves a little more bare-faced and unconcerned here than anywhere else. I shall, within a short time, ask you to give me room in your columns for a somewhat detailed description of the epidemic which now is sweeping through the Scandinavian literatures, and it seems to me that a few hints of what has taken place at other times and in other countries, would form an appropriate introduction to such a description. In France, for instance, it is a well-understood fact that the history of the Revolution has to be written over again every tenth year. A French constitution lasts only about twenty years. During the first half of such a period, while the monarch is trying to fasten himself on the people, the history of the Revolution is regularly told in a more or less openly avowed monarchical spirit. During the latter half, while the people are trying to get rid of the monarch, the history of the Revolution is as regularly told in a more or less noisy revolutionary spirit. But no one can fail here to discover an element of disease which has nothing to do with the true development of historical studies. In Germany, when Wolff wrote his *Prolegomena* to Homer and undertook to show that the Homeric poems are not the work of some individual master-genius but a national growth which owes only its artistic arrangement and systematic organization to the personification we call Homer, it at once became a rage to dissolve every great poem, the *Nibelungen-Lied*, Ossian, etc., into a number of independent productions. When Hegel wrote his *Ästhetik* every history of art or literature had its symbolical and classical and romantic period, and when Hegel was succeeded by Vischer, every history of art or literature obtained its representatives of the beautiful (Goethe) and the two dialectical constituents of the beautiful: the sublime

(Schiller) and the ridiculous (Jean Paul). But in all this humdrum there was absolutely nothing new but the application of a new scheme which—with respect to the talent of the writers and the taste of the readers—simply means that they were under the influence of some miasma inhaled. It seems, indeed, that literature and art always move on in fits and starts which partake more or less of the character of epidemics; and I beg the reader who has followed me so far and may be willing to follow me still a little farther, to remember that I use the term not as an expression of disapprobation but simply to denote a fact.

Yours truly,

DR. TILLBURY.

#### THE MURDER OF ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

FROM THE NORWEGIAN OF HENRIK IBSEN, BY THORKILD A. SCHOVELIN.

Far, far in the West was fired a shot;  
Through Europe it sounded aloud.  
Holloa! With alarm were suddenly caught  
Diplomacy's gayly dressed crowd.  
Thou Europe old, with order and law,  
With maxims that never fail,  
With an unstained name, without blemish or flaw,  
With a virtue that keeps all meanness in awe,  
Why grew'st thou so strangely pale?

On mourning wax, eagle and unicorn  
And all kinds of beasts are pressed;  
Over land and sea the tidings are borne,  
The world with despatches is blessed.  
The cotton magnate, *gloire's* proud son,  
The men from the land of lies,—  
All took it for granted that peace was won;  
Then sounds the report of a single gun,  
A single man falls and dies.

And, Europe's councils, then you took fright;  
Is that according to your lore?  
A Prussian deed as black as night  
The world has witnessed before.  
Has any raven his brother torn?  
Remember but Poland's fate!  
And England's fleet against Denmark upborne!  
Flensburg and Sönderborg—names to mourn!  
Why this indignation late?

The tree with the blossoming roses which  
Your minds with fears have fraught,  
To America's soil, abundant and rich,  
From Europe's greenhouse was brought.

You planted as graft that wanton wand  
Glowing far in the West;  
You placed with your own most gracious hand  
Martyrdom's blood-red badge on the grand  
Abraham Lincoln's breast.

With promises broken, with faiths betrayed,  
With contracts that naught secure,  
With last year's oaths this year gainsaid,  
You did History's ground manure.  
And then you expected the field to bear  
A noble fruit for your gain!  
See, your seed is sprouting! What lurid glare!  
You marvel; you turn you here and there;  
For daggers are growing—not grain!

Where Law at the dagger's point takes seat,  
And Justice 'midst hangmen herds,  
Dawn's triumph grows surer and more complete  
Than here where you murder with words.  
A Will is awake, and gives his norm,  
To crush each shelter for lies;  
But first must the nut be hollowed by the worm,  
And first must Time himself transform  
Into hideous effigies.

There reigns a Spirit, eternal and just;  
His power you cannot defy.  
*Domus aurea's* splendor fell into dust,  
And Nero's colossus high.  
But first must the crimes of the Romans' land  
Cover earth from pole to pole,  
Apotheosized be the tyrant, and  
The emperors' gilded statues stand  
Like gods on Capitol.

Then broke the storm: and palace wall,  
Temple and colonnade,  
Arch, dome, arcade, and circus—all  
Lie trampled and decayed.  
Then the New was built on the grave of the Old;  
For some time was pure the air.  
Now ominous presages are foretold,  
Foul fogs which the marshy ground enfold  
Are blowing here and there.

But though we now walk through festering lands,  
I will not cry "Woe is me"  
At every baleful bloom that stands  
Abundant upon Time's tree.  
Let the worm gnaw on;—till he empties the shell,  
Nor walls nor roof will decay;  
Let the "system" but work its ruin well;  
The sooner Revenge will its judgment tell  
On Falsehood's latest day.

#### PAUL AND VIRGINIA OF A NORTHERN ZONE.

FROM THE DANISH OF HOLGER DRACHMANN, BY TH. A. SCHÖVELIN  
AND FRANCIS F. BROWNE.

[On account of the sickness of one of the translators, no chapter of this story can be published in the present number. We expect to finish the novel in the two succeeding issues.]

#### NOTES AND NEWS.

BISHOP DOCTOR FROSTERUS, at Helsingfors, Finland, died lately.

SCANDINAVIAN jurists will meet in Stockholm, August 27th to 29th.

MRS. EDGREN's drama, "*Sanna Quinor*" ("True Women") is a great success at the theatre in Christiania.

JOHAN KELLER, the eminent president of several institutions for blind, deafts, and idiots, at Copenhagen, is dead.

LADY WILDE, Oscar's mother, has written a volume of Scandinavian adventures, which Messrs. Bentley will publish.

BARON CLAES GUSTAV ADOLPH TAMM, a manufacturer of Gefleborg *Län*, has been made consultative member of the Swedish cabinet.

THE discovery of gold on Bomel Island, near Stavanger, continues to excite a great interest. A mine is reported sold at one million crowns.

THE excellent professor in philosophy at the University of Christiania, G. W. Lyng, is dead. He was a disciple of Hegel, and, in politics, a liberal.

MR. STANG, who for a number of years was the great leader of the government of Norway as premier in the bureaucratic cabinet of 1862, died June 6th.

THE temperance movement and a more wide-spread civilization has reduced, from 1853 to 1883, the use of liquor in Sweden from seven gallons and a half to three and a quarter per individual.

V. A. BORGES, of Copenhagen, lately died. The deceased was once a president of a college and a member of the cabinet of Mr. Rotwitt, 1859-60, the only ministry of the "Left" which Denmark ever had.

THE Danish members of the German parliament, Messrs. Lassen and Johannsen, have laid before the minister of instruction a petition from nine thousand Danish Sleswickers against the growing use of German, and for a better instruction in Danish, in the common schools of North Sleswick.

IN a well-written leading article the New York *Independent* of June 26 stamps "the Norwegian clergy as reactionaries," and advocates that the state-church be "rudely thrown overboard if it persists in opposition" to the people's earnest struggle for parliamentary reform.

AT a meeting of Swedish editors, in Stockholm, two facts were mentioned as characteristic of the present development of Swedish journalism: the great decentralization compared to the former exclusive preponderance of the great Stockholm journals; and the success of some new penny papers.

THE new loan of Norway illustrates well the good standing of the Scandinavian countries on the money market of



the world. The *Commerz und Disconto Bank* in Hamburg furnished twenty-five million crowns at 98.05, 4 per cent, and no commission. This is equivalent to an interest of 4.079 per cent.

THE *Academy* states that the Council at Cambridge have voted unanimously to offer the new honorary degrees of Doctor in Letters to Professor George Stephens of Copenhagen, whose *opus magnum*, "Old Northern Runic Monuments of Scandinavia and England," has just been completed by the issue of its third volume.

On the 8th of May the Peace League had a meeting at which a lecture was delivered by Doctor Hedlund, who, together with Mr. Wallenius, member of the Swedish parliament, will represent the league at the coming general European meeting at Bern. One of the prominent members of the Swedish fraction is the well-known radical poet, Mr. Strindberg.

THE EVANGELICAL ALLIANCE will hold its meetings at Copenhagen, September 1st-7th. Amongst others, Professor Godet and Reverend Funcke are expected to deliver lectures. The Lord Mayor of London and the Archdeacon of Canterbury will be present. Preparations for the meetings are made by Dr. Kalckar and Consul Olof Hansen. Although the official Danish church is not so exclusive as the Swedish, yet but few of its members will partake in the discussions.

THE question of classical studies are at present eagerly discussed by leading schoolmen in Denmark and Norway, such as Dr. Pingel, S. L. Tuxen, K. Michelsen, A. C. Larsen, of Copenhagen, and Professor Lieblein and K. Knudsen, of Christiania. They nearly all agree that the instruction in Latin ought to be considerably limited. Some advocate a more extended study of Greek, while others maintain that Greek art and literature can be studied without a knowledge of the language. The best authorities recommend to make history the leading study.

THE Norwegian *Odelsthing* has examined both Mr. Munthe, the dismissed minister of war, and Mr. Dahll, the present minister of war, as to certain measures taken at the time when sentence was passed on the ministers by the "High Court of the Realm." Mr. Munthe made sickness an excuse for not appearing in person. He had ordered the troops to be kept ready in the Castle of Akerhus, near Christiania, and had, on the other hand, ordered the locks to be removed from all guns in the depots in Southern Norway, where it was thought possible that the people could get access.

MR. THYSELIUS, the Swedish premier, has resigned, and is succeeded by Mr. Oscar Robert Themptander. Formerly the premier was always a member of the nobility; but both Mr. Thyselius and Mr. Themptander are commoners. The latter belongs to a family of clergymen, originally from the parish of Tåmta, in the diocese of Skara. He is a man of great ability and political experience. The change is said to signify an altered political course as to military reforms. Contrary to his friend, Count Arfvid Posse, Mr. Themptander will attempt no great change, but intends only gradually to alleviate the land tax and the burdens of land resulting from the system of the "*indelta armeen*,"\* and to extend military conscription.

\* See SCANDINAVIA, page 16.

KING OSCAR has finally yielded to the will of the Norwegian people. A new cabinet was formed, June 26th, consisting, according to despatches, of Sverdrup, Richter, Daae, Sörensen, Haugland, Sverdrup, Blix, Gade, Arctander, and Klingenberg. Johan Sverdrup, the president of the *Storting* and the prominent leader of the opposition, is supposed to be premier and minister of war; O. R. Richter, late consul-general at London, and formerly president of the first division of the *Storting*, the *Odelsthing*, the first of the three ministers residing with the king, at Stockholm; L. Daae, district judge and president of the *Odelsthing*, minister of justice; Baard M. Haugland, one of the most respected yeoman members of the *Storting*, minister of finance; District Judge A. Sörensen, minister of audit; S. A. B. Arctander, a county auctioneer and sheriff, minister of interior; R. M. Klingenberg, captain in the navy, minister of marine; Rev. I. L. R. Sverdrup, minister of cult and public instruction; and, finally, G. Gade, a rich merchant and American consul in Bergen, and E. Blix, professor of theology, probably, the two other ministers residing at Stockholm. Thus it seems, that the king has entirely surrendered. Former reports mentioned that the cabinet of Mr. Schweigaard would yield in two of the points at issue, the voting of money for the volunteers and the appointment by the *Storting* of two members of the royal direction of the railways. It was, however, evident that the *Storting* demanded the decision of the "High-Court of the Realm," respected in all its points and especially in that point, that the resolution of the *Storting* as to the ministers having seats in the parliament was law, notwithstanding the king's vetoing this change of the constitution; and preparations were made for a new indictment of the members of the former cabinet remaining in the new. There was, for a moment, a question of a cabinet of the "Centre" with Professor Broch, returning from the Metrical Commission in Paris, as premier, and retaining several moderate members of the conservative cabinet; and it was reported that Prof. Broch was in accordance with both the king and Mr. Sverdrup and other leaders of the opposition about his program. The new cabinet formed by prominent members of the "Left" will, probably, be the most fortunate solution.

#### BOOKS AND PERIODICALS RECEIVED.

THE CENTURY MAGAZINE. July, 1884: Portrait of John Bright; Recent Architecture in America, Vol. II, by Mrs. Schuyler van Rensselaer; Nine Graves in Edinbro, by Irwin Russell; Lady Barberina, Vol. III, by Henry James; Catalina's Betrothal, by Will Wallace Harney; Cruising Around Cape Breton, by S. G. W. Benjamin; To Sleep, Maybury Fleming; Academical Degrees, by Theodore D. Woolsey; Peace, by Isaac O. Rankin; Choral Ode to the North River, by Charles de Kay; Scenes of Hawthorne's Romances, by Julian Hawthorne; Captive, Mary L. Ritter; The Ku Klux Klan, by E. L. Wilson; A Greek Play at Cambridge, by G. W. Prothero; Dr. Sevier, Vol. IX, by George W. Cable; Fate, by John Vance Cheney; The United States Pension Office, by Eugene V. Smalley; The Reversible Landscape, by Frank R. Stockton; John Bright, by T. H. S. Escott; The Story of Myra, by Julia D. Whiting; Topics of the Time, Open Letters, Bric-a-Brac. New York City: The Century Co.

**THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY.** July, 1884: Coy Susan, by William Henry Bishop; Five Quatrains, by T. B. Aldrich; The Gospel of Defeat, by Harriet Waters Preston; A Cook's Tourist in Spain, I; Bird-Gazing in the White Mountains, by Bradford Torrey; Blood-Root, by E. S. F.; In War Time, by S. Weir Mitchell; Question, by Eliot C. True; Chimes, and How They Are Rung, by A. F. Matthews; Beaten by a Giaour, by O. H. Durward; The Haunts of Galileo, by E. D. R. Bianciardi; The Underworld in Homer, Virgil and Dante, by William C. Lawton; The Growing Power of the Republic of Chili; Recent Poetry; Peter the Great; Schliemann's Troja; An American Story Writer; The Contributors' Club; Books of the Month.

**THE BAY STATE MONTHLY.** June, 1884: B. F. Butler; The Boundary Lines of Old Groton, Vol. II, by Hon. S. A. Green; Tuberoses, by Laura G. Carr; Young Men's Christian Associations, by R. Sturgis, Jr.; George Fuller, by S. Dickinson; The Loyalists of Lancaster, by H. S. Nourse; Louis Ansart, by Clara Clayton; Beacon Hill Before the Houses, by D. M. Balfour; British Force and the Leading Losses in the Revolution; Historical Notes. Boston; John N. McClintock & Co.

**LE LIVRE.** Mai, 1884: Bibliographie Ancienne—La Bibliothèque de Marie-Antoinette; Jean Jacques Rousseau et Thérèse Le Vasseur; Cabinets de Travail et Bibliothèques des Hommes du Jour; La Bibliothèque du Sénat; Chronique du Livre. Bibliographie Moderne—Vieux airs, jeune paroles; Le Mouvement littéraire; Correspondances étrangères; Comptes rendu des livres récents; Gazette bibliographique; Sommaire des publications périodiques françaises.

**TIMES OF ALCHEMY.** The Surgeon's Stories, VI. From the original Swedish of Z. Topelius. Chicago: Jansen, McClurg, & Co. 1884.

**NORDISK REVU.** 31 Maj, 1884. Utgifven af Adolf Noreen. Förläggare: R. Almquist & J. Wicksell, Upsala.

**LITERARY LIFE.** July, 1884. Cleveland. Will M. Clemens.

**THE DIAL.** June 1884. Chicago: Jansen, McClurg & Co.

**THE CRITIC AND GOOD LITERATURE.** New York City.

**MONTHLY REFERENCE LIST.** Providence, R. I.

**GAMLA OCH NYA HEMLANDET.** Chicago, Ill.

**SVENSKA AMERIKANEREN.** Chicago, Ill.

**BERGENS TIDENDE.** Bergen, Norway.

**THE INDEPENDENT.** New York City.

**SVENSKA ARBETEREN.** Chicago, Ill.

**THE AMERICAN.** Philadelphia, Pa.

**FOLKEBLADET.** Minneapolis, Minn.

**WEEKLY MAGAZINE.** Chicago, Ill.

**SVENSKA TRIBUNEN.** Chicago, Ills.

**THE NATION.** New York City.

**NORDVESTEN.** St. Paul, Minn.

**SKANDINAVEN.** Chicago, Ills.

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**THE RAMBLER.** Chicago, Ill.

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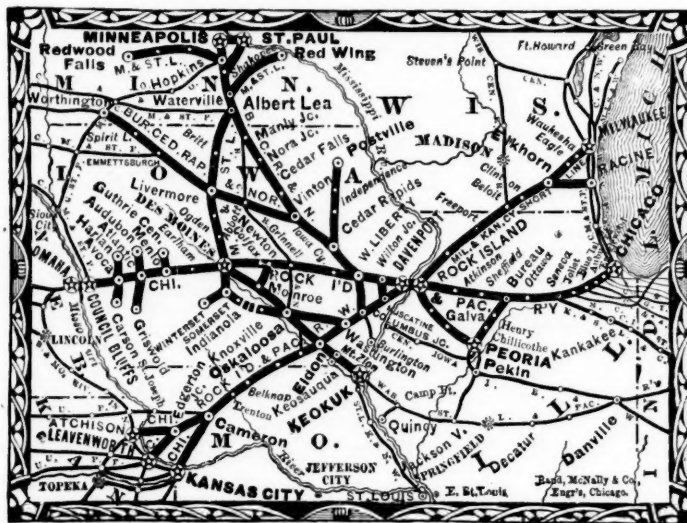
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